


Second discovery by the northern scout
of the chiefe actions and attempts of
the malignant party of prelates and
papists,

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A SECOND

DISCOVERY

BY THE

NORTHERN SCOTT:

OF THE

CHIEFE ACTIONS AND

attempts of the Malignant PARTY

OF

PRELATES AND PAPISTS,

PROCTORS AND DOCTORS,

AND

CAVALIERS

That are now resident in the County of YORKE.



London Printed for B. W. 1642.



THE EPISTLE.



O S T Kind and Courteous Country-men : being at *Barwick*, it was my chance to meete with two of my Countrymen then, the one of them being lately come from *London*, and the other had beene in the *Camp* ; where after Salutations past amongst us, they desired me to write downe their severall Collections of passages, which I confesse are not such as they would have been, if mischances had not hapned : For it seemes the one was forced to burne his notes at *London*, and the others was spoyled with water at *Barwicke*, and therefore they are but fragments, not whole relations : yet such as they are except of them, in regard of the good will of the giver, who may one day make amends for what is here omitted : which (as he is cruelly bound) so he will duely indeavour to performe, and will not cease to informe you of any thing which may tend to the advancement of the Cause, and good of the Country, whose peace and prosperity is daily wished of

Your truly affected Friend.

The Printer to the Reader.

MA RTIN MAR-PRELAT was a bony Lad,
His brave adventures made the Prelats mad:

Though he be dead, yet he hath left behinde

A generation of the MARTIN kind.

Yea, there's a certaine aged bony Lasse,

As well as He; that brings Exploits to passe:

Tell not the Bishops, and you s^t know her Name,

MARGERY MAR-PRELAT, of renowned fame.

But now, alas, what will the Prelates doe?

Her Tippet's loose; and BOREAS' gins to blow;

Shee'll scould in Print, whole volumes till they roare,

And laugh to see them strangled in their goare;

While BOREAS blowes, shee'll put his Wind in Print,

And venture Life to strike their fat all dint;

Shee'll doe as much for South, for East, or West,

If they'll but venture but at the BEAST:

For 'tis high time the Winds should joyne as one,

To bluster vengeance on that cursed Throne;

MARGERY will joy; to see that happy day

The Winds conjoyn'd to blow the BEAST away:

How'e're the North sends forth a lusty gale:

A Board ye Prelats, and go hoyst up Sayle:

This Wind will drive you on the Romish Coast,

Feare not to goe, the Pope will be your Host;

To speed your voyage, if you want some Wind,

MARGERY will helpe you, though shee breake behinde.

If this Verse (Reader) doe offend thy Nose,

VOX BOREALIS brings perfum'd Prose.

Which is so pleasant that you cannot chuse

But laugh to read this merry Northern News.

A

SECOND DISCOVERY

By the Northerne SCOUT.



Rother *Iamie*, vvelcome to *Barwicke*: What hath drove you hither so soon?

O *Billie*, *Willie*, the does little ken the cause, but Ile tell ye: vvhén our brother *Scouter* came to Scotland, he left me to supply his place, but I have had a hard task of it: for the search at London vvas hotter then the Presse at Paris: and the new invented Oathes exceeded the Spanish *Inquisition*: and for all *Scots* men should have been sworn to fight against the cause of God, his Conscience, and his Countrey. And I vwill tell thee truly, they were three such enemies, as I durst not venture against them, and therefore took my heeles and ran away.

Willie. Now well away fall them was the cause of that; on't! there's *London News* indeed, have you no better?

Iamie. I had once good store of News in my pocket Book, but wae betyde them made me burn it.

Willie. D—n it Brother, how came that to passe?

Iamie. Marry I vvas forced to doe it, or else the Hangman had done it for me, and perhaps burn me with it: for all *Scots* men are counted Heretiques by the Popes publication; and there's some of Bishop *Donners* brood alive at *London*, that fain vould make Mary-bone-fires of us.

Willie. Oh, this moves me much, and the more, because my notes had almost as bad luck as yours, for one day being riding to vwater my Horse, he stumbled, and I fell over head and lugs in the River, vvhère I vvas like to be drowned; and all my papers (being in my pocket) vvere quite soiled, insomuch as I cannot read them: but now seeing our Brother is here, let us rub up our memories, and recollect our collections, and he shall put it down in the best order vve can deliver it; and you shall begin first quoth *Willie*. Content quoth *Iamie*, and thereupon he began as followeth.

My fellow Scouters,

I meane not to trouble you with any Forraigne Newes, as of the Conveening of the Conclave of Cardinals at *Rome*, and of their Consultations about the *Scots* businesse; nor how they haue had a solemne Procession with Prayers, for the good successe of the Catholike cause: nor how they have agreed to give a Cardinall cap to such as shall have the fortune to bring home the lost Sheep again to the Romish pitfold.

Nor vwill I trouble you vwith the mighty Spanish Fleet now preparing (that in 88. being but like a few Fisher-boats unto it) vvhich for a vvhile means only to hover up and down the Seas, or perhaps to dance the Canaries a turn or two, and vvhén they see vvhó is like to carry away most knocks, then they mean to shuffle in for a share.

Nor how *Barier* is gone to *Bohemia*, Plundered *Pragge*: and if Generall *Lesly* were once come to him vwith 10000. *Scots*, he then vould give the Emperour a visit at *Vienna*.

Nor how the French Embassadour hath importuned the hiring of some Venetian Gallies for *Marcellus*, vvhich is conceived had beene employed for the recovery of the Islands of *Gernsey* and *Gersey*, to vvhich his Master layes a title, and is out of hope ever to have them, unlesse now vvhhen the King was busie in the Expedition for *Scotland*.

Nor of the King of *Denmark*s dealing at the Sound, and else where, in detaining all *Scots* Commanders and provision from them that came there.

Neither will I insist how little the *Hollanders* observes, either confederacie or conspiracie in these troubles, they selling powder and shot to the one to kill the other, and Armour to the *English* for the defence against the *Scots*, shewing themselves right Judglers, that can play vvvith both the hands, so they may have profit. But I leave all these things to the Nevvs-mongers at London, and onely tell you vvvhat I heard concerning our ovvne troubles.

They say at London that the cause of this combustion proceeded from a quarrell for Superiority betweene Black-capps, and Blevv-capps, the one affirming that *Cater-Capps*, keeps square dealing, and the other tells them that *Cater-Capps* are like *Cater-pillars*, vvhich devoure all vvhether they may be suffered: and the round Cappe tells the other, that their Cappe is never out of order, turne it vvhich vvay you vvill, and they stand stiffely to it, that Blevv-Capps are true Capps, and better than blacke ones.

That they are quoth *Willie*, and if it comes once to the hurling of Capps, vve shall have ten for their one, let all the *Cater-Capps* in Christendome take their parts.

Other tells us (quoth *Iamie*) that there arose such a heat of Hierarchie at *Lambeth*, as melted all the Monopoly money in the Exchequer: and it is thought, if the River had not beene betweene, it would have quite consumed the power of the Parliaments. But however, it hath cast such a myst among the Courtiers, as they cannot discerne what the quarrell is, but are led on hoodwincked, like so many blinde buzzards, they know not whether, nor for what, nor to what end.

When a warre was concluded upon, then they began to differ about the Generall, Some alleadging that it required one that had beene in Service; and others conceived greatnesse of Persons might as much availe, as goodnesse of Commanders: But the Papists fearing that their Patron should be justly lost by another, they hung their lippe, and vowed they would not contribute unlesse a Papist were preferred, which was yeilded unto, for feare the expedition should have miscarried.

VVe heard from *Scotland* how the Covenanters hoped that the King would get none but Papists and Atheists to fight against them, unlesse the King of *Morocco* sent him some of his Barbarians: and that they have chosen for their chiefe Ensigne the Silver Bible, and flaming Sword, which they will never put up, untill they have whipt the VVhore of *Babylon* out of their Kingdome; and then if they fight for any thing after, it will be to cast all their casheerd Mytres in a Crowne.

But the *English* tells us another Tale, how the Kings Army cares neither for their Ensigne, nor them, but will teach them such Canonickall Doctrine ere they have done with them, as they never heard in *Scotland* before.

That the Citizens of *London* refused to lend money, untill all Monopolies were put downe (whereupon to please the people) 33^d Patents were call'd in at a clappe: but indeede they were onely such as the Proctors could make no benefit by. But such as yeilded any profit (though with the greatest grievance) were never medled withall. So as the Proctors are growne now vvrse than Lesore, vvwhose cankered

conditions can never be cured, untill a Parliament cause their necks to be noynted with the oyle of a hempseed halter.

That the Papists and Prelates, and all Deanes and Doctors gave very liberally towards those Wars; and to say the truth, good reasons had they to beare the greatest burthen, who were the chiefeft causers of it, and are the greatest burthen to the Land; and will reap the greatest benefit by it, if their designe did not deceive them.

That the Prelates had a project to make all the Lawyers likewise to contribute to it, which caused great contention between them: whereupon the Bishops would have turned the Common-law in Cannon-law, and Courts of *equity*, into *simplicity*: But a great Laver opposed it, and told them plainly, That albeit it was spoken abroad, that the Judges had over-thrown the Common-law, and the Bishops the Gospell; So as we may be said to be of no Religion, that live neither under Law nor Gospell, yet hee hoped to see a Parliament, and then it would appeare who were Parliament proffe, and who not.

Now Gods blessing be upon his heart (quoth *Willie*) and if a Parliament come, I hope to see some of those big bellied Bishops like so many false fellows, for all their knacks and knaveries, to shake their shanks upon a Gallows: For if *Gregory* once get them under his hands, all their ticks and trumperies will not serve their turne, but he will make them and their Corner-caps look awry on their businesse.

Oh (quoth *Jamie*) they are too much maintained into it to come to that, for they suffer no other Doctrine to be taught, either in Court or Country, but for the maintaining of Ecclesiastical Authority; and they have so prevailed as every man stands in doubt which side to turn to. Let us fight for Episcopacy sayes one. Let us stand for the truth sayes another: but then comes the Kings Proclamations, and that stops the mouth of all questions. In the mean time, the Clergy cannot but laugh heartily at the Peoples simplicity, who are so forward to fight for them that are their enemies.

This businesse hath been carried with such power and potency, as there are many men which finde Armes to this expedition, that would be loath their Sword should be drawn in the quarrell: and many Ministers Purles appeared to this Contribution, whose Prayers went the clean contrary way: yet to please the Prelates, and for feare of Suspension, they were content to allow to this Collection.

That all the Doctors about *London* have long laboured for 8. groats in the pound, of House-rent, for Parsons Duties, which in some Parishes amounts to 8000. pound *per annum*, and in some to 5000. pound, in others to 3000. pound; and the least about 500. pound *per annum*, which was like to have been effected the sooner, because they would have given the first two yeares increase towards the *Scots expedition*.

Oh (quoth *Willie*) there had been brave places for our *Scots* Bishops.

Give them a rope and butter (quoth *Jamie*) But now you would laugh to see how Lown-like our Lord Bishops walkes up and down *London*, with halfe a score of Cassiered *Scots* Ministers after them, like so many mourning Pilgrims, all of them (as in a Procession) waiting upon the old Archbishop; but ye ken there is an old saying, *There can be no holy Procession where the devill carries the Crosse*. Such *Alterations* and *Innovations* have been in the English Churches, as he that had been but three yeare absent out of the Kingdome, could not have told at his return how to have behaved himselfe in the Church, when to have *sit*, and when to have *stood*: when to have *prayed*, nor when to have *read*: but (as a dumb Diego) must crouch and kneele as the rest did, yet knew not for what.

But God be thanked since the *Scots* businesse began, the Church hath had a pretty *nap* of rest, and Ceremonies stand at a stay. That

That in the heat of altering of *Altars*, much contention was amongst themselves. Some would have Candlesticks placed, and all other implements : and others would have an *Altar* made ready first to receive the *Sacrifice* when it should be sent them, in-
somuch as the great Doctor of all Church-ceremonies, *Protested he was more troubled*
With the too much *Conformablenesse* of some, nor With the *Non-conformablenesse* of the others:
and the reason was, because the one runs too fast on before, for the other to follow after.
This is no small grace for *Conformers* : vvhhy, herein they were like *Mr. Michael Scot*,
who found the devill his Master more worke then he was able to doe.

That *Paul Tune-man* of the Temple, having spent a yeares Preaching to prepare
his Auditory to admit of an *Altar*, at the last prevailed : whereupon that it might bee
the more *perspicuous*, he would not suffer any thing to stand neare it. But he brake his
back with the removing of the Pulpit, which stood before it. And when he heard that
the King and the Scots were agreed, and that the *Altars* were like to down again, away
he went into the Countrey, where for very grief he gave up the Ghost, and shut out his
feet and dyed : at whose buriall a good old Doctor brought this for his Text at his fu-
nerall Sermon, *He which was killed betwixt the Temple and the Altar* : and his *Applica-*
tion proved true. He consumed his estate in Suits with the Templers, and spent his spi-
rits in labouring to maintain the lawfulnessse of the *Altar* : so he was killed between the
one and the other.

That a mad cap, and (*I beleeye it was a Blew one*) comming in one day to a new
altered Church, and looking upon their implements told his friend that was with him,
that their *Altar* betokened alteration of Religion : their Plate, pride : the clasped Booke, ob-
scurity from the *Communality* : the Cushion, lazinesse in their calling : and their two dark Ta-
pers, blindnessse and ignorance : For if their light shine no better than their blinde Tapers, it
will never be able to light any man to heaven.

There hath been such a number of Ballad-makers, and Pamphlet writers employed
this yeare, as it is a wonder, every thing being Printed, that hath any thing in it against
the Scots, as the *Loyalities* Speech, that there was any roome for that, (vvhich was made
in *Q. Elizabeths* time, upon the Northern rebellion) and now reprinted, but the Author
vvas ashamed of his name : After that dropt the *Irish* Bishops booke, vvhich cryed
down all the *Covenanters*, and called up some *Iesuit* to maintain this Northern Comb-
ustion, worse then the *Gunpowder Treason* : and if it come, it's thought he will act the
Iesuites part himselfe in something hereafter.

The first fruits of his grand service vvas that hot prize vvhich he played in the Star-
Chamber of *Dublin*, at the Conventing of *Mr. Hen. Stewart*, his vwife and 2. daughters :
vwith one *James Gray*, for not taking the Oath : his virulent revilements against the
cause, and the maintainers thereof, made his face pale as ashes, and his joynts to quiver,
vvhich argued an ill cause, and a vvorse conscience : but the saying proves true, *corru-*
prio boni pessima, the better man the vvorse Bishop.

After this one blurts out a Book, vvherin (as if he had been a Messenger from vvars)
he undertakes the ungirding of the Scots Armour, but God be thanked his arme vvas
too short to reach them : and I hope *Gregory Brandon* vvill one day gird him up in a
Hempen Halter, or *S. Iohnne stone* Ribband.

Pox upon those Priests (quoth *Willie*) let us heare somevvhat else, for there is no
goodnesse in them.

Then (quoth *Iamie*) I vvill tell you something of Poets and Players, and ye ken
they are meriy Fellovvs.

There vvas a poore man (and ye ken *Poverty is the badge of Poetry*) vvho to get a lit-

tle money, made a Song of all the Caps in the Kingdome, and at every verse end concluds thus,

*Of all the Caps that ever I see,
Either great or small, Blew Cap for me.*

But his *mirth* was quickly turned to *mourning*, for he was clapt up in the Clink for his boldnesse, to meddle with any such matters, One *Parker* the Prelates Poet, who made many bas Ballads against the *Scots*, sped but little better, for he, and his Antipodes were like to have tasted of Justice *Long's* liberality: and hardly he escaped his *Powdring-Tub*, which the vulger people call a prison.

But now he sweares he will never put Pen to paper for the Prelates againe, but betake himselfe to his pitch Kanne, and his Tobacco Pipe, and learne to sell his frothy Pots againe, and give over Poetry.

But Ile tell thee, I met with a good fellow of that quality, that gave me a few fine Verses, and when I have done I will sing them.

In the meane time let me tell ye a lamentable Tragedie, acted by the Prelacie, against the poore Players of the Fortune Play-houfe, which made them sing

Fortune my foe why dost thou frowne on me? &c.

or having gotten a new old Play, called *The Cardinalls Conspiracie*, whom they brought upon the Stage in as great state as they could, with *Altars, Images, Croffes, Crucifixes*, and the like, to set forth his pomp and pride. But wofull was the sight to see, how in the middest of all their mirth, the Pucservants came and seized upon the poore Cardinall, and all his Consorts, and carried them away. And when they were questioned for it, in the high Commission Court, they pleaded Ignorance, and told the Archbishop, that they tooke those examples of their *Altars, Images*, and the like, from *Heathen Authors*. This did somewhat assuage his anger, that they did not bring him on the Stage: but yet they were fined for it, and after a little imprisonment gat their liberty. And having nothing left them but a few old Swords and Bucklers, they fell to act the valiant *Scot*, which they played five dayes with great applause, which vexed the Bishops worse than the other, insomuch that they were forbidden playing it any more, and some of them prohibited ever Playing againe.

Well (quoth *Willie*) let the Bishops be angry as they will, we have acted the valiant *Scot* bravely at *Barwicke*, and ^{London} ever J live to come to *London*, Ile make one my selfe to make up the number, that may be acted there too, and that with a new addition, for I can tell thee, here's matter enough, and ye ken that I can Fence bravely, slish slash with the best of them.

Nay (quoth *Jamie*) I beleeve you may save that labour, for every Ladde at *London* learnes to exercise his Armes: There has beene brave branding amongst the Boyes there upon this businesse, and they have divided themselves into three Companies, *The Princes, The Queenes*, and *The Duke of Yorke*: The first was called the *English*, the second the *French*, and the *Duke of Yorke's* were called the *Scots Company*, who were like brave blades were like to beate both the other two. And I can tell thee, that there has beene such hot service among them, that some of their youngest Souldiers have been faine to be carried heame out of the Field: whereupon it was blabbed abroad, that *Boyes had done more then men durst doe here at Barwicke*.

But all this Sport was litle to the Court Ladyes, who begun to be very melancholy for lacke of Company, till at last some young Gentleman revised an old Game called

Have at thy coate old Woman.

But let the old Woman alone, shee will be too hard for them.

But

With these and the like passages the time was spent, untill news came of the peace, which did not please the Prelates, yet they could not tell how to help it: Faine would they have pickt a Quarrell, but knew not how, untill ill luck at last did help him. For it seems that the Scots Commissioners had made some Notes of remembrance of such Speeches as had been past between the King and them upon the *Pacification*, which they gave unto the English Nobility, who being (after the Kings return) to give in account of their *proceedings* to the rest of the Courcell, they were questioned for having the said Notes; and every one made some excuse, and like simple honest men confess their sinfulness, and were content to have it proclaimed that they never heard such words spoken. Now forsooth, because they could not hang a few papers, therefore they commanded they should be burnt by the common Hangman, who at the time appointed came in as great state as if he had bin to Bishop or brand *Bastwick* and *Burton* again, to the Pallace Yard (*alias* the Prelates *Purgatory*) with a halter in each hand with two trumpets touting before him and two men with a few loose papers following him; where after reading of the Proclamation, *Gregary* very ceremoniously put fire to the fagots; and so the poore innocent papers paid for it: when he had done, he cried, *God save the King* and flouished his ropes, *If any man conceale any such papers, he shall be hanged in these halter*; with which words I was so affraid, that I ran home and burnt all my papers and so saved him a labor.

New I wish the way in a widdy (quoth *Willie*) that so abuses King and Courcell as we may not keep a few papers for them; what a mischief mean they; are they ashamed of their doings, that the people must not know how things goe?

So it seems (quoth *I am e*), but if any thing were worth the hearing it should be proclaimed with sound of trumpet; as ye ken the last Lent the Troopers used to ride up and down streets from City to Court, and from Court to Country, with their trumpets before them, which made the people run out to see them, as fast as if it had been the Bagpipes playing along before the Bears: but at their return all that was laid aside and (as if they had bin ashamed of themselves) they stole into the town alwayes in the duske of the evening, where sometimes two sometimes three would come home together driving their horses before, and a Poke-mate lying on the Saddle with their Boots and Sword tyed on the top of it: these lodged in *Smithfield*, and fed as long on their horses, as their Hoast durst let them.

Others came home on foot, with their Saddles on their backs (for they had sold their horse-skins and shooes, where they fell lame by the way) and these men landed at *Pye-corner*, where (after they had sold their saddles) like rusty rascals they eat out their swords.

Now I have told you all I can remember, for I came away as soon as the papers were burnt; but if I had not been apparelled like a poore Parson, all in black, with a canonical Coat, I had bin robd many times by the way; for the Souldiers returned home by hundreds and all was fish that came in the net where they could catch any thing. But upon *Newmarket-heath* I mist my way, and met with a Shepheard who told me, *It was no wonder to see me so, for most of the Army had bin out of the way for a long time together, and had mist the King to an untimely journey, wherein he had spent more money then all the Clergy of the Kingdome were worth.* Well quoth I to the Shepheard, every one to their calling thou to thy hook and I to my book; and so away I went, and never met with any thing worth noting by the way.

Willie (being to make his relation) after a little pause, said, *Its not my meaning Sirs, to ment on any thing which happened in our way towards Barwick; neither what spoyle and pillagings the Souldiers exercised; nor how the troopers robbed and rifled every one they met*

with, and forcibly took away whatsoever they could lay hands on, without respect of conscience. And it seems the Country had as little spirit as they had conscience; for could ever a free State especially in time of Peace indure such insolencies against Persons, States and families, and that from the scum of men, voided both of fortitude and righteousness; but such as had lost all tincture of their progenitors spirit, and subjected themselves to perfect slavery. An unckle of mine well versit in Military discipline, told me, *That if Grecians, Romans, yea or Turks were here to see a sort of whitelivered Ragamuffins, under the the name of Souldierly overrunning, a warlike famous people from their very originall, witness the Romans testimony of them, they would say it, either they were not the same people, or by way of transmigration, they had sent their soules to the Hollander:* But the Duke of Buckingham, alias of our destruction by the plot of this pragmatick Bandeeler, Sir Dudley Larketom, first bridled them, and saddled them, for the Ruttors to mount on: which though they mist, yet they never cast the bridle and saddle so that who will may ride them. But Ile leave such things to those that if they durst would faine complain, and have cause to sing the lamentation of their losses.

But I cannot omit to tel you of the great threatnings which were thundred out against the Covenanters all the way as they went along, and every molehill was made a mountain, to agravate their Rebellion; and every man vowed to be revenged, though he never knew of whom, nor for what: but by that time that we had been there encamped three nights, we found besides the Scots Army (two strong enemies) more then we expected (hunger and cold) which so sharply assailed us that if our foes had not proved our friends, in relieving us, we had suffered much misery.

That within a week after our first coming, sundry of our souldiers surfeited with eating of fresh Salmon in so much as they were ready to mutiny for want of meat whereupon by advice of counsell, it was fit they should have liberty to take what they could get beyond Tweed. But the honest souldiers knowing that *sweet meat must have sower sauce*, would not venture for it.

Then it seems (quoth *Jamie*) that they are but fresh-water Souldiers, not yet seasoned with a Souldiers life; how would they be able to hold out a Winter Leager, if they cannot shift out a Summer with good *London* Salmon?

A Winter League quoth *Willie*, would burn all all their bones in the North, for the best of them is no body without a Feather-bed at his back; and either a dish of beef and brewesse, or bacon and bagpudding in his belly: and if he have that and his dubble-beere, and his drabbe he will stand to it stiffly.

Marry now I remember (quoth *Jamie*) that they call a bagpudding *London's joy*, and I beleieve its that which makes many of them so big bellied: but if they cannot byte of a Bannock, and bibbe of the Brooke, they are not fit Comerages for me; for I can fare hard, lye hard, and fight hard. And if my Tobacco-box afford me but two Pipes a day, I shift out well enough for any thing else.

It must be better Tobacco (quoth *Willie*) then that which the common Souldiers had in the Camp, which the furlers made of cabbedge-leaves, and dock-leaves steeped in pissle and dried with the blossomes of green broom; this they sold for 4 Pipes a penny: but it did so smoke and stinke, as if they had burnt their Huts.

At our first coming their was a great quarrell between the Musquetters and the Archers in the Army about precedencie: The one saith, *kees the only man now in use*, and the other blunts out his bolt, and tells them, that *Bows and Arrowes won Hollojne*: But a tall stripping standing by, told them that a *mimed Pye* was more acceptable then either; and offered,

red,

red, if any man durst gaineſay it, and would meet him at Barwick bounds with a mince Pye, and two Pewter Spoones; if he did not beat him at his own weapons, he would be content to faſt two days after.

That it was feared, ſo ſoon as the Army went home; there would have been civill Wars. between the men and women, in the Northerne Countreyes for ſuperiority, partly becauſe the men had done no Feats of Arms worthy of ſo brave an appointed Army, and the ancient Fame of their Countrey; telling them, if they had been in their place, they would either by valour have won the breeches, or left their mothers daughters. Others of ſome quality ſtormed that their Huſbands were not Knighted, and the Ladyſied; and told them in ſome heat, that if they could not be Knighted under the Banner, they would go ye to knight them under the curtain. But a witty B Jade ſomewhat better experienced in the Lawes of Venus, than the reſt; and having learned in the Low-Countries to ſhelter himſelf behinde a Cannon-Basket, derided the matter very daintily, and gave the woman good ſatisfaction: (Its true quoth) that that old Propheticall Adage proves now too true:

*Waters ſhall wax, and Woods ſhall waine,
And unman ſhall be Man, and Man ſhall be waine.*

Where can this rather be verified than in Womens Imperious thoughts, irrationall commands, uſurped government, and metamorphoſiſed apparel, wherein woman againſt the Lawes of God, Nature, Nations, they ſet Man, and play the very Viragons: Man by the contrary being too vigorous, looſeth God, his Image, in his priviledge, in ſitting in the Saddle and giving her the Reines, he unman himſelf; and being Woman in all ſave that wherein his wife would not have him: So he ſiteth down in eſt with ſardonicall ſmiles to the Diſtaffe. But meddle no more with that Horner neſt and come to the particulars: You are know Ladyes the huggleſh ſpirit is not all loſt but our great plenty, much eaſe, and long peace, all ill uſed, have ſhortned our ſpirit, and made us to ſeek, except it be to Roar, Pipe and Pot in Tavernes and Ale-houſes, to make children gaze at Buſſe Calfe and Feather, with damnable oaths, and villanous deeds, to terrifie and torment the people: and as many of them in praſtiſe know not the right hand from the left; ſo many of their Commanders are Ignoramusſes in the very vocables of Art: but as the Conſtable ſaid to the Captain, *We muſt be diſſembled in a trance; our Commanders muſt learn to command, and we to do; we muſt learn to creep before we go; to ſtand before we dance; and how to handle Armes, and to indur hardſhip before we fight.*

Again, Noble Amazons, take notice, that we had no commiſſion to fight with the Scots, which if we had had, we would have gone nigh to have frighted them as ill as the Cowes of Barwick frighted us: But we were onely by flouriſhes to ſcare them; witneſſe our going to Kelſo Market to ſee how meat rated.

But in the third place, a greater block then both theſe lay in the way, and that which hindred a Shop-broken Taylor turnd Steward in a Ship to fight, namely want of a good cauſe. It is enough think I to venture bodies, though we venture no ſouls: and what ſhall a man have but a vaniſhing vapour of report, when he hath ſacrificed himſelf.

Laſtly, if we had killed the Scots, the Papists would have cut our throats for our pains: And as for Knighting, I aſſure you Gentlewomen; a great many more have it, then can tell how to uſe it; and ſo the women were well pacified.

That there came divers Carpet Knights to the Camp, onely for faſhion, not for fighting, whoſe chiefeſt attendants are either Poets or Players: at whoſe return you ſhall either have the ſecond part of *Hobia Moko*, or elſe *Polydamna* acted, with a new addition. But if it had once come to knocks, then you muſt have expected a Tragedy inſtead of a Com-

medie; as *The losse of a Loyall Subject, the Prodigals Repentance; the Surlings succour; the last Lover*, or some some such pretty peece.

That all the time of the Camp lay here, we had most lamentable wet weather, as if the heavens had mourned with continuall raine, which our Camp scarce called Scottish tears: but I am sure it made good the old saying: *A Scottish mist will wet an English man to the skinn*: and well it might be, for there was neither care taken for Huts, nor Tents; but as soon as it was faire again in the Sun-shine, they went all in hunting the lousie lare, where they made good that Riddle which put *Homer* to a stand, *What they found they left behind them; and what they could not find they took with them*. But having done execution upon those grudge Pikes, at their returns they would bragge how many Covenantant enemies they had killed since they went out.

Why (quoth *Jamie*) was any Covenanters killed, we hear no such news at *London*. Its but onely a year (quoth *Willie*) to call their Lyce and backbiters their covenant enemies.

Let them jeare on (quoth *Jamie*) if they dare kill nothing else but Lyce, then I am content they should never have other employment: for indeed it was told at *London*, that there was nothing among the Souldiers in the Kings Camp but Lyce, and long Noses, which it seems was all the employment they had: or blood, which was shed there.

No (quoth *Willie*), they durst not do so much as go into *Scotland* to kill either man or beast there; and this they gave out for their excuse, *That all the ground was undermined betwixt Barwick and the Scottish Camp*: so as they durst not march on for fear of blowing up. But they needed never fear that, for uplesse the English Match-makers undermined the Scots Covenanters and by a long rayld traine from *London* to *Edenburgh* blew up the Parliament there (least they blew up the Bishops) there is nothing else to be blown up.

That here in the North, the Kings Coyne which had been for so many years racket out of the Countrey into the Kings Coffers hath been now most Prodigally spent. And the Monopoly money which hath layen so many years mould in the Exchequer, is now so well Sun-shine and so often turned over from hand to hand, as it will not come there to be rusty again this seven years.

It is thought this climate hath an extraordinary operation in altering of mens constitutions and conditions: For our gallants ^{London} changed their voices and their words since they came from *London*: For there they used to speak as big as Bulbeggars, that fight in Barres; and every word Sirra, Rogue, Rascall, and the like: but it is otherwayes now, for their words is as if they whipterled for fear the Scots should hear them; and their words are turned to honest *Jask* courage Souldiers, and the like: So as if we had stayed but a little while longer, we should have been all fellowes at football.

That a great many old Souldiers lived by their shifts, some counterfitted Fortune-tellers, some Juglers, and some Morrice dancers; and indeed they speed best of all, for whilst the Whores without conveyers (which lay lurking about the house) would either get a Duck or a Hen, or others, perhaps a Lamb or Pig; and home they came to the Camp oftentimes with half a dozen of women at their heels, crying stop thief stop; but never an honest man was in the way, and it is not the fashion for one thief to stay another. But when they came to their Huts, then there was all the sport to see them quarrell for dividing of it, until the Marshall or Provost came, who to flint the strife kept it to himselfe: so oftentimes he that set it never came.

Oh (quoth *Jamie*) what belly-gods are these, that will rob the poor people. If they had played such pranks in *Scotland*, they had been well bang'd both back and side.

I warrant (quoth Willie) that the Northern people dreamed of these broyles many years agoe. For they have been so provident to prevent them, as they never plained any Orchards; for if there had been either fruit above ground, or roots in the ground, nothing had been left them; for they marche by pares up and down, looking for a prey: but as I tell the Countrey cozened them for that.

That one day in a misty morning, about a dozen of Camp Royane Ruffins had a desire to plunder a Country village in Scotland. I will rank them in order as they went out, left their disorderly return home prevent me. First, there rode two Carrubins, who in their rusty armour and starved stallions, lookt like a couple of Brewers servants in leather Jerkins made of old boots, riding for old cake. After them followed two light horse-men, with great saddles and petronets, like a couple of Fiddlers with their muscicall Instruments in cases.

Next to these march foure footmen, with sword in Knaesacks and Busle-pikes, like foure Banbury-tinkers, with their budgets on their backs. And after them some Musketeers, with their rests in their hands and their Bandoleers about their necks, like so many sow-gelders: when they came to the Mallag the men were gone to the Market, and the women were at milking; the horse-men stood behind the Barnyard to receive what the others should bring them; the Musketeers march into the Milkehouse, and the Pikemen to the Henroost, where the fowles began to flutter, the Geese to cackle, and the Dogs to bark, and all the Village was presently in uprore. Out came a wench crying, Come out, come out for here are the devils come to rob us; with that an alarme was beat on the bottom of an old Kettle; and our tiame all the wives very well weaponed, some with rocks, some with staves, and some with flails, crying, where are those false swearing theeves? But as soon as they found them, they so belaboured the poore Pike-men, as happy was he could get first free from them; yet at last they got Joseph and followed their Dr. Finny, who fled away as fast as ever they heard the fray begin. In the meane time the Musketeers had so plumped their patches with Butter-milke and whay, that they could scarce get out of the wives grips to come to the Horse-mill. But what with feare and their struggling with the women for their victory, most of them made bald with their breeches. But as fast as they could, they ran to the mill, where they ran as fast away as they could. But there was such a wilde obsequiouse between the wives and them, as hath been seldom seen; inasmuch as the poore Pike-men having over-heard themselves, the Butter-milke and whay had such an operation as they had got such a squirt that the women could trace them where so ever they fled; and still as they over-tooke them they did so bewadde them, that they cryed for Quarter. What is this (quoth a woman) that the Lowne calls Quarter? If thy quarters have not enough they shall have bullets. Alas dumme! (quoth another) he cries for mercy: then (quoth they) false chiefe, crye for this mercy, and Ile let thee alone. The poore man learned the language, and so that Fray ended: but with all, they promised never to come into that Kingdom any more. When they had their liberty, it was too late, for they had run; for now they went with as much feed as their legges could carry them. But a man might have found them by the scit all the way. All the spoyle that this fray afforded was onely their Bandoleers for the Boyes to play withall and their Rests for Rocks for the wives to spin withall.

Now Gods blessing and mine (quoth *Yem.e*) light upon the Goo twives, for they have played their parts bravely. And I hope the English army never trouble them for it.

No (quoth *Willie*) but they lay upon the lurch a good while after for a revenge; and one day early in the morning stole into Scotland, thinking to have taken them tardy: but when they came there, albeit they had shuffled all the Coat-Cards in their own hands, and so thought it had been a won-game; yet when they saw Clubs turn up Trump, they gave it over as a lost Game. And never after offered them any injury; but some of the Souldiers were so trampled and trod upon in their sudden retreat that divers of them died presently after their return: amongst whom (one more godly then the rest) desired to have his will written: but there was none to do it but a Poet, and he made it in verse, which was as followeth.

Being sore sicke, and ready for to dye,
Yet thanks be to God in perfect memorie,
My Will I make. And first I do bequeath
My soule to Christ, my body to the grave:
My brains unto my Countrey, that they may
Not brain-sick run in such bad deeds as they.
My ears unto the King, that he may hear
His subiects suits in peace, and not in weare,
My eyes unto the State, that they may see
All false Seducers of his Majestie.
My tongue to such as dare not the truth tell.
My mind to those that have not perfect sent.
My nose to those that thinke all is not well.
To smell out those as hinders Parliament.

My hand to him that means to shed no blood.
My heart to those that for the Gospel stood.
My broad-back to the Protestants, that they
With patience suffer, and in love obey.
My legs I leave to lame men to assist them:
If Scots come on heres many: that wil misse them
My feet to Franck who hath no heart to stay,
That better he may scape, and run away.
I know no fit Executor for this will:
But if that any please is to fulfill,
I leave them power; and do beg with tears,
England and Scotland to be Overseers:
That each may have their own due Legacy.
So farewell friends; death calls away for me.

Within two or three dayes after this Retreat, there was an agreement made betweene the two Armies, and both of them were to dissolve their forces. Wher upon Order was given in the Kings Camp, that every man should have a moneths pay to carry him home to his Countrey: but the Captains and Commanders did so shuffle and shirke the poore Souldiers, that some of them had nothing at all, some most had but 4 or five shillings a piece to travell 30 myles; yet to give the *Scots* due, they did them a Court-curtesie in giving them a Passe home to their Countrey, with a Licence to beg by the way, and a Tiquet to all Majors, Justices, Constables, and the like, not to trouble the Stocks, nor Whipping-posts, with any such Souldiers as came from the Kings Camp.

Now good Gibbie get them (quoth *Jamie*) and ye ken that, if he once shake hands with any, they had need say their prayers, for they are not long lived after it. But what silly Souldiers were those that would be put off so: Marry it is no maryell then they begg'd and robbed all the way home. And so deeply swore, they would rather be hang'd at home, then ever go abraad in the Kings Camp again.

They could not help it (quoth *Willie*) for they might tell their tale one to anothe, for nobody else would heare them. And besides, they were so glad to be gone as they never stay'd for any Conduct or Company: for they were not so far in love with ne businesse, as to play loth to depart: But every man shifted for himself as soon as he could, for fear he should have been called back again and put upon some new employment there.

We could never (quoth *Jamie*) understand the truth of the agreement at the Camp, some told one thing, some told another.

The effect of the agreement (quoth *Willie*) was thus in brieve. That both the armies should

should be dissolved. That the Kings Castles should be surrendered. That the Kings ships should depart the Firth. That a set Assembly should be called, and have liberty to settle the Government of the Church. That a Parliament should immediately follow, which should ratify the Assembly, and redresse the grievances of the Kingdom.

Their Demands (as I was informed) were these, that besides the holding and confirmation of the Assembly, to be holden by the succeeding Parliament, they desired these particulars; Namely, That the Scottish Delinquents should be sent home to their wyall, restoration of the States damages: And lastly, security from further danger, from the fire-works, Ingencers of this combustion. And whether these were granted or not, not to meddle with hand or Seale; I refer my selfe to the martyred Papers, and the conscience of some of the English Lords.

Good agreements Brother, but badly performed; for as soon as the Armies were dissolved, and the King possessed of the Castles of *Edenburgh, Dunbarrie, &c.* New cavells were raised against the Covenanters. And it was reported, that under a colour of a Parle with the Lords at *Barnicke*, they should all have been detained and sent Prisoners to *London*: But as good hap was, they went not, but excused themselves to the King; because the appointed Assemblies was then to begin, which hath since quite abolished Bishops.

The King seemed displeased, and thereupon placed Generall *Rathwen* Governour of the Castle of *Edenburgh*; and now he, having gotten that by a trick, which they never could have gotten by strength; keeps a couple of false knaves to laugh at the Lords (a Foole and a Fidler,) and when he and they are almost drunke, then they go to singing of *Scots-jiggs*, in a jeering manner at the Covenanters, for surrendering up their Castles.

The Fidler he flings out his
heels and Dances and Sings,

Put up thy Dagger Jamie and all things shall be mended,
Bishops shal sal no not at all when the Parliament is ended.

Then the Foole he flirts
out his folly; and whilest
the Fidler plaies, he sings,

Which never was intended, but only for to flamm thee:
We have gotten the game, weell keepe the same,

Put up thy Dagger Jamie.

The Devill a Dagger (quoth *Jamie*) shall be put up by me, nor I beleeye by any man in the Kingdome, untill the Parliament be ended, and have confirmed the putting down of Bishops, we will be no longer flim flambd by any of them. And for this trick we will have that false Papisticall Traitor *Rathwen*, and all his knaveries out of the Castle, or else we will make it too hot for him to hold it. I am in such a rage at these Rascalls, as if I hadt e'n here, I would beat them black and blew, and teach them to sing another Song, called the *Lownes Lamentation*; yea, and make them dance after my pipe, ere I had done with them.

Peace (quoth *Willie*) patience will bring all to perfection, and time will discover the truth. But if this pacification was only pretended, that they might get the Castles into their custodie, and the Parliament but only promised, and never intended to confirm the abolishing of Bishops, then we have just cause to do that which was never dreamed on.

Dreamed on (quoth *Jamie*) If dreams prove true, I shall be master of a Miter ere it be long; for every night I am so troubled with finding of Miters, Crucifixes, Rich-Copes, and the like, that I think to my comfort, it will be my fortune to fall upon the risling of some of those Belly-god Bishops houses before this War be ended; and then let me lone to expone my dreame. And I hope if I take paines to pull down Popery,

manner, as it will not trouble my conscience for it; needs come to it; but it were better the businesse ended in a peaceable way.

That will never be (saith *Jamie*;) for they have made *Babylon* must down, and the Bishops who are but whelps of that Whore's litter; must down before her; and why may not the time be now? For the Pope had never such a blow as *Scotland*, now hath given him. And if *England* give him but such another, it will make him stagger.

Jamie, there thou hitst the marke, for all the policy that I have can never possesse me of any possibility of bringing peace and safety, except the bloody and undermining Locusts be sent to the bottomlesse pit from whence they came; and the whol litter of the Whores whelps (as thou callest them) the Bishops with all their appendices be rooted out; yea, except some Carpenters arise, and saw off these strong hornes of the Beast, which by tickling make so many leakes in the English Church, she and all in her are like to perish: and then those hellish Pirates, worse then *Tunnes* and *Algeir*, will have about with the bordering of the Scots; but I hope they shal all be hangd first. The Scots have set the English a faire copy, and if they cannot write for these also the Scots also will lend their hand if they be willing to learn; yet not to write a letter, much lesse a line of Rebellion: for as they may compare with any Nation in the world for their loyalty; so fearm the saving of the Church, King and State, Rebellion, is of the Drivell Father of lies.

I am confident that the English will not be so forgetfull of their honour and profession, as to make such use of the Scots as the Monkey made of the Spanell, in pulling the Chest out of the fire with the Spanels foot: but as mutuall necessity craves mutuall aid; so I am confident the Scots and English will in a brotherly conjunction, like *Joab* and *Abishai*, helpe one another against the *Assyrians* and *Ammonites*, that foreign and domestick enemies. If *Syrians* be too strong for me (saith *Joab*) then thou shalt helpe me, but if *Ammon* be too strong for thee, then I will come and helpe thee, 2 Sam. 10. 11. The application is easie. But whither am I gone, certainly beynd both pack and pack-pin, yea and the warehouse too.

O *Billie Willy*, that some good Engine had bin hammering of this and it might prove a bonny peece. But I meane well. Now, my friends, all as I wish with the Spirit all happiness to attend those that dash *Babels* bratt, *London* wals: so let both the Nations take heed of that Curse threatned against those that do the worke of the Lord negligently, Psal 137. 11. Jer. 48. 10.

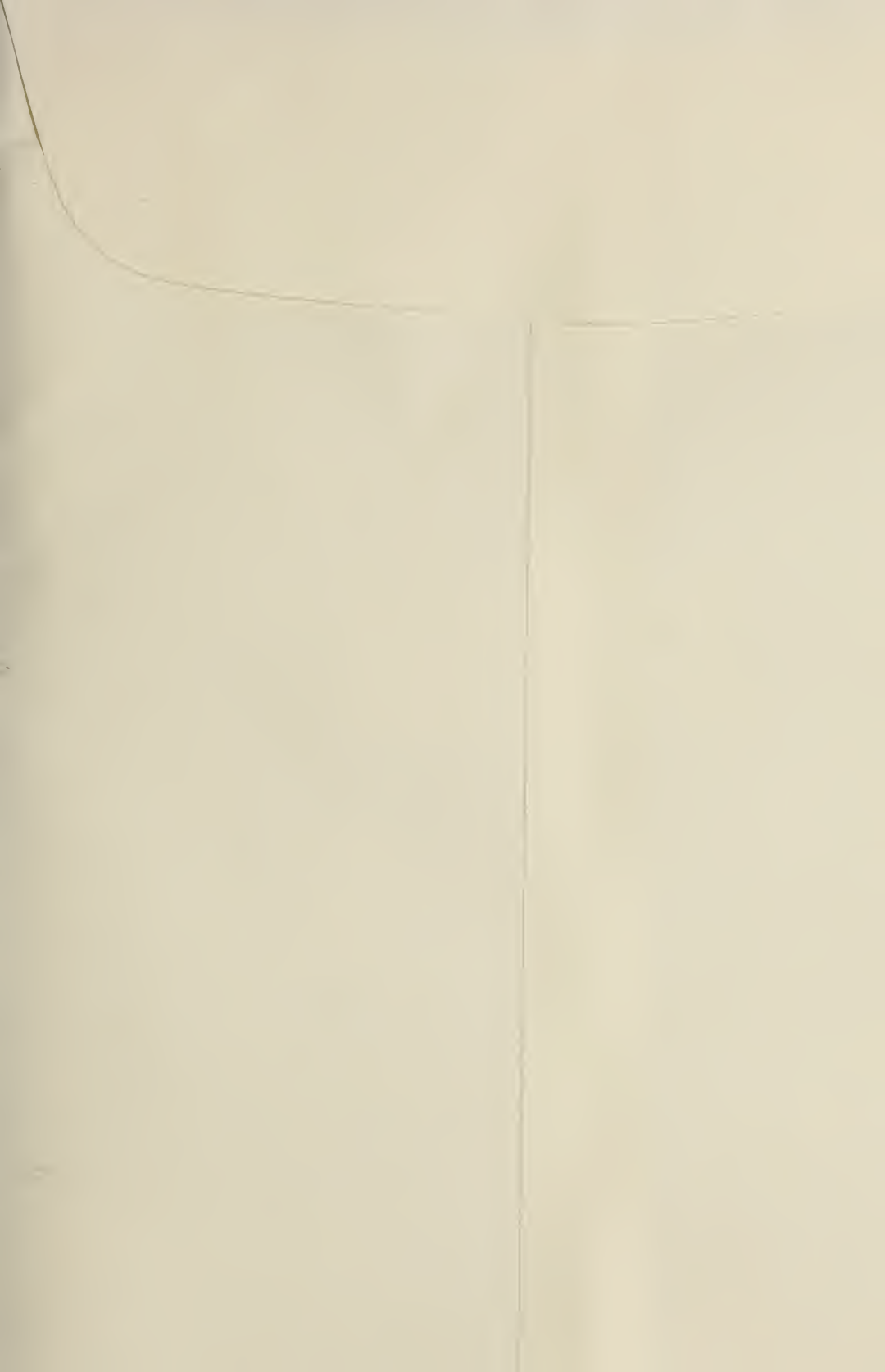
By this time we were called to Supper, and thereupon gave over Discourse: and the next day after departed all three for *Edenburgh*, where we agreed over again to own the hazard of a new journey to *London*, to see how things were carried there. But the manner of the carriage, and how we shall dispose of our selves there cannot be resolved till we see the successe of this Parliament:

Till when, and ever, we remaine ready to do our utmost indeavours in any thing that may tend to the good of this Kirk and Kingdome.

POSTSCRIPT.

Through fire and water we have past, to bring you Northern Newes:
And since as Scouts we travelled last, we now that name refuse.
But if henceforth new broiles appeare, and war begin to rise,
Castiliano like weell cloath our selves, and live like Spanish Spies.

FINIS.



Second discovery by the northern scout
of the chiefe actions and attempts of
the malignant party of prelates and
papists,

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